

# Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 41.

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No. 8.



RETURNING FROM THE WRECK.

"On the stormy nights of winter, when the tempest is on, and the great waves come rolling in on our Atlantic coast, if you could look through the darkness you would see for hundreds of miles along the coast, strong men, bronzed by exposure to the weather, walking all night long like sentinels, up and down, peering out into the darkness.

"By and by a vessel—perhaps a great steamer—comes driving ashore. A signal light is flashed, other strong men come hurrying down the coast with life-saving apparatus. If a boat can live the life boat is launched and, manned by brave fellows, pulls out into the storm. If a

boat cannot live, then a life line is fired over the vessel, a cable is drawn on board, a chair is rigged on the cable, and backward and forward it plies until every passenger and every sailor is saved.

"Another division of the great army of mercy."

—From Address by Mr. Angell to the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Nashville, Tennessee.

We earnestly hope that Congress will soon pension our coast life savers as other United States sailors are pensioned.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

We do most earnestly wish and hope that the new year upon which we have now entered may be not only to the whole human race, but also to all the lower animals that depend on our mercy, the happiest our world has ever seen.

GOOD DEEDS.

"I shall pass through this world but once; therefore whatever good thing there is which I may do, let me do it now; let me not postpone nor defer it, for I shall not come this way again."

## IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

A Rochester, New York, editor, who is preparing an article on the question, "Is marriage a failure?" asks my opinion, and the following is my answer:

"My dear Sir: December 7, 1908.

"In reply to your question, 'Is marriage a failure?' I would say that but for the devotion, unremitting care, and good judgment of my good wife, I should have been dead and buried fourteen years ago; and for all that I have been able to accomplish in my life-work, credit is largely due to her.

"With kind wishes,

"Yours sincerely,

"GEO. T. ANGELL."

## NULLA DIES SINE LINEA.

These four Latin words, meaning in English, *no day without something accomplished*, have been, as many of our readers know, one of our life mottoes and to them we might now add that we have no day without something pleasant. We have just received a call from a fine-looking gentleman, residing in New Jersey, who has told us that visiting Providence he was determined not to go home until he had called upon us in Boston, and who said, at the close of our interview, that while he had met several Presidents of the United States he had met no one whom it gave him more pleasure to meet than ourself. Various other kind things he said, and every word evidently expressed the sincere feelings of his heart.

And then we have had the pleasure to-day of writing Mrs. Mary L. Schaffter of New Orleans that the great work she has done in that city to aid in the founding and success of the Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has made it eminently proper that she should receive our humane silver medal which will start on its journey to-morrow morning; and then we have decided to-day, after a discussion with our good secretary, Mr. Guy Richardson, that our American Humane Education Society must try to send out into the world a *hundred thousand new missionaries* in the shape of bound volumes of "*Black Beauty*," "*The Strike at Shane's*," and "*Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst*."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A HUNDRED THOUSAND NEW MISSIONARIES.

Our American Humane Education Society, on account of the vast needs of our work, has decided to try to send out a *hundred thousand new missionaries* in the form of bound volumes of "*Black Beauty*" (the best missionary of its kind in the world), "*The Strike at Shane's*," and "*Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst*." This is going to cost our American Humane Education Society thousands of dollars, and if we had the money we should send out a million new missionaries instead of a hundred thousand. All friends of humanity can receive at our offices as many of these bound volumes as they desire, paying two and one-half cents per volume; or have them sent prepaid over the United States with the simple addition of the cost of postage or expressage.

And now I want to say that I want every reader of this article to consider how much he or she is willing to give to aid in promoting the objects of our American Humane Education Society, for the "Glory of God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy for Every Living Creature, both human and those we call dumb," a work upon which depends largely the protection of property and life from incendiary fires, railroad wrecks and every form of cruelty and crime. And then I want all who feel able to give us help to send their donations to our treasurer, the Hon. Henry B. Hill, or to me, if they prefer, at 19 Milk Street, Boston. All such donations will be duly acknowledged in *Our Dumb Animals*, unless we are specially requested not to publish them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## LETTER TO JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

December 11, 1908.

My dear Mr. Rockefeller:—It is quite likely that whoever may receive for you this letter will not think it entitled to one moment's consideration, but having before me in the *Boston Herald* of this December 11, your third article in *The World's Work*, it occurs to me to say that through our American Humane Education Society I have sent out already, in various languages, over three millions copies of the book, "*Black Beauty*," which for the promotion of Peace, Temperance, observance of the Sabbath, and other good things, in addition to kindness to the lower animals, has perhaps not its equal in the world, and I should be very glad to announce through my monthly paper, which goes every month (among others) to every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, that through your generous contribution I am prepared to send out over the world several millions more of this remarkable book.

With kind wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A NEW AND MOST IMPORTANT PAPER FOR CHILDREN.

If some millionaire would give our American Humane Education Society the money required, we would not only go to work at once to establish the press bureau, about which we have often written, but also to establish the *best humane paper of the whole world for children* between eight and fifteen years of age, and should endeavor through our Bands of Mercy and otherwise to have it read every month in a hundred thousand schools by millions of children.

Riding one day at Northfield with Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, he expressed to us his regret that he could not have had, as we did, a college education. We replied in substance, "If you had gone to college and had your head filled with long words of Latin and Greek derivation you would never have had one half the influence you have now. You talk now in a language that everybody understands."

What we want for the children is a paper which shall contain the *gems* of humane thought from the whole world in language which the children can understand, and illustrated with beautiful pictures which they will always remember; a paper that shall teach peace, temperance, justice and kindness to all living beings, both human and those we call dumb, and shall go far to upset the devilish teachings of war, fighting, cruelty, rowdyism and crime that now prevail so widely. A paper of this kind can be so conducted and pushed that it will be read by millions of children in a hundred thousand schools and do more for the prevention of wars and the protection of property and life than all our Hague conferences. If war, which is hell on earth, is ever to be prevented it must be largely through the right education of children, and the sooner that education is begun the nearer we shall get to the millennium when the nations will not be taxed to their utmost capacity to maintain great armies, build battleships, and erect fortifications.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

Hundreds of thousands of children can never be taught *directly* in our schools to love either their fathers or mothers, but they can be taught to be constantly saying kind words and doing kind acts to the lower creatures, and in this way may be made better, kinder, and more merciful in all the relations of life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

It is within the power of united Christian churches to prevent any war between Christian nations.

## A SHORT LESSON FOR SCHOOLS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.



Well, what are these men at?

These men are at war.

Will not these men kill each other?

Yes, they will. *Men go to war to kill each other.*

Did these men who are fighting get up the war?

Oh, no; the politician: got up the war.

Had these men, who are fighting, any cause to dislike each other?

Oh, no; none whatever.

Have these men, who are fighting, fathers and mothers and wives and children?

Oh, yes; many of them.

Is war bad for horses as well as men?

Yes; horses have no hospitals or ambulance corps or pensions; they are not unfrequently left on battlefields to die of starvation. War is *hell for horses*.

Is it right for men to fight and kill each other and thousands of horses in war?

The United States says it is, and England says it is, and they go a long way across the ocean to fight and kill, and say they are doing right.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## TWO THOUSAND COPIES OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

We are glad to receive an order, on November 25, for two thousand copies of "*Black Beauty*," to be given to boys in Cleveland, Ohio; and on the same date we received an application for six thousand copies of *Our Dumb Animals* from Kansas City, Missouri.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

There comes to my table this morning a new daily paper, to be published hereafter in Boston by the Christian Science Church, under the name of "*The Christian Science Monitor*;" and prominently marked in this paper what my good wife thinks to be one of the best photographs of myself she has ever seen, and some account of my life; and then there comes to me at the same time a statement, occupying a column and a half, largely devoted to our Bands of Mercy, which every Christian Scientist is urged to join and assist in extending, with excellent suggestions for making it widely useful, proposing for it constant memory gems, good music, and suggesting for the children not a "school yell" but this Band of Mercy yell:

"Who are we?

Look and see,

B. O. M.

Angell's troopers full of noise,

Mercy girls, and Mercy boys.

Be kind and just our mottoes run,

B. O. M."

We see by our exchange papers that the Christian Science people have recently paid four hundred thousand dollars *simply for a lot* on which they propose to build a church in the city of New York, and our impression is that this new daily paper is likely to be subscribed for by nearly every Christian Scientist in America, and may have great influence in aiding the work of our American Humane Education Society for the promotion of "*Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy for Every Living Creature, both human and those we call dumb.*"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Mercy to Every Living Creature.

## WHAT LED YOU, MR. ANGELL, TO GO INTO THIS WORK?

*Answer:* (1) A beautiful horse to which I was much attached driven almost to death by two drunken men—and no law to punish them.

(2) A cow belonging to a rich, miserly woman kept all winter almost at the point of starvation to save the cost of hay—and no law to prevent her.

(3) A man who had mortgaged a fine stock of cattle, and who, to prevent the man to whom he had mortgaged them from getting his pay, locked the stable doors and starved them all to death in their stalls—and there was no law in Massachusetts to punish him.

These are only three out of many similar occurrences which led me to give my time and money to this work. GEO. T. ANGELL.

## IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

"In the days of chivalry, in the middle ages, men stood before the altars in those great cathedrals of Europe and took upon themselves the obligations of knighthood.

"What were they?"

"To protect the defenceless and maintain the right.

"We come before you in behalf of the most defenceless—asking for them your protection, that you will join and establish these orders of mercy and chivalry; give them power to carry humane education into every home; power to protect not only the weak and suffering of our own race, but every harmless living creature from injustice and wrong."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## VENTILATION OF OUR SCHOOL-HOUSES AND HOMES.

One of Boston's most eminent physicians said to us some time since that all these hot air heaters which are being used in school-houses and homes are the devil's inventions. When we were in the practice of law forty years ago one of our four offices was heated with an open wood fire in a Franklin stone stove and the other three with cannell coal in open fireplaces. We cannot tell how many times we were asked if it was not very costly to burn an open wood fire and we always answered, "Not so costly as doctor's bills."

A suggestion that comes to us is that with hot air heating tens of thousands of houses can be thoroughly ventilated by outside chimneys erected at no great expense.

One of the most important letters which came to our table, in our morning mail of November 27, was from Mr. Thomas H. Jackson, 806 Division street, Cheboygan, Michigan. In the beginning he states what is unquestionably true: "Since discarding the fireplaces and their ventilators (chimneys) the average householder winters his family in a practically airtight enclosure. The wife is generally a 'shut-in,' subjected to, and confined in a lung-starved condition; her vitality, strength, and beauty deteriorated, she becomes discouraged and discontented. In this inhuman condition of physical and mental depression we expect her to bear a child endowed with perfectly formed organs, active and ready to perform their functions. In this environment of 'shut-out' free, natural air we are disappointed if the child fails to maintain a healthy growing condition."

In the closing lines of his letter Mr. Jackson writes: "I do not know of a graduate of our common schools who holds a diploma for complete knowledge in physiology and hygiene, do you? Who is to blame? Is it the educational system or the cheapness of God's free air? We are told there are one hundred thousand cubic feet of air in the open for the use of each individual. One can continue life without food and water for several days; without air, hardly so many minutes. For it is the first cry of the newborn babe and the last gasp of the dying man."

On the day before Thanksgiving we were called upon by one of the editors of *Good*

*Housekeeping*, Springfield, Massachusetts, which has, we understand, a monthly circulation of one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand copies, wishing to take several of our pictures to be used in an illustrated article; and in the course of our conversation we learned that *Good Housekeeping* is going to make an investigation of the plans of ventilation in our schoolhouses and homes. It is a most important subject and I forwarded Mr. Jackson's letter at once to the editors, thinking they may be able to use it. If we could only stop the terrible adulterations of foods and drinks and medicines, to prevent which has cost us personally thousands of dollars in time and money, and the sale of millions of pounds of meats and milk unfit for human consumption, to prevent which we have also given time and money, and then get a perfect ventilation in our homes and schoolrooms—if we could accomplish these things, it would cause an universal expression of gratitude.

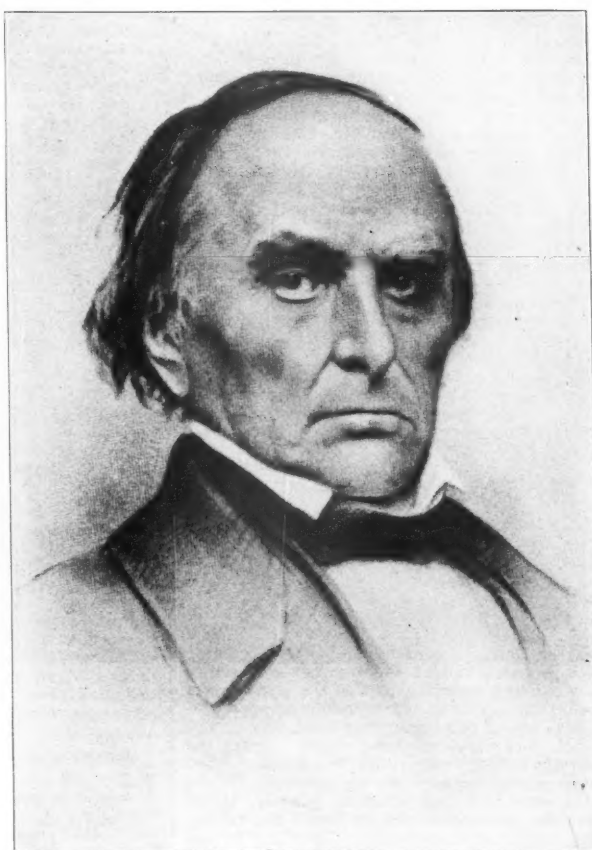
GEO. T. ANGELL.

## DANIEL WEBSTER AND RUFUS CHOATE.

Probably no educational institution in our country has ever graduated two more eminent and eloquent lawyers than old Dartmouth College gave us in Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate.

It was my privilege, as a member of the Suffolk Bar, to attend many years ago the trial of one of the most important cases of the year in our Supreme Judicial Court at Boston. On the two sides were arraigned some half a dozen of our most eminent lawyers. Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate, as it happened, were on the same side. A hostile witness was put on by the other side, some of whose evidence was of the utmost importance to Webster and Choate, if it could be obtained, and Choate undertook the task of obtaining it. No man at our Bar had more profound skill in cross-examination, and the questions he put to the witness were like the fire of a Maxim gun, but in every instance he failed to get the evidence he wanted and finally sat down in despair. Then Webster, who had been sitting in his great arm chair, apparently about half asleep, as though taking no interest in the case whatever, slowly arose to his feet, put his great eyes on the hostile witness, asked him in the most serious tone a single question, and brought instantly the required answer. Then as quietly he sat down and apparently went about half asleep again. It was a scene photographed on my mind, never to be forgotten.

Sometime after, Webster and Choate in the same court room were opposed to each other on a great car wheel case. It was the object of Choate to show that the car wheels were different, and of Webster to show that they were substantially the same. Choate made a most eloquent argument, which was listened to with great pleasure by all present. Then Webster arose and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, the learned counsel has given you a most beautiful address, abounding with eloquence, to which we have all listened with interest, the object being to show you that



DANIEL WEBSTER.

FROM "HEROES, GREATHEARTS AND THEIR ANIMAL FRIENDS."  
Published by Fairfax Publishing Co., 80 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

these two car wheels are different, but, gentlemen of the jury, the car wheels are here before you and speak for themselves. You will please carefully examine and see whether they are not in substance the same." And so he went on, and I believe won his case.

The difference between Webster and Choate cannot better be explained, as it rests in my mind, than to compare Choate to a Maxim gun raining bullets of eloquence wherever he chose, and Webster to a great gun that can send out a thirteen inch shell to penetrate an ironclad.

It was wonderful to listen to Choate. I remember a case in which an ordinary lawyer would have simply said to the court that he moved a postponement of the case because witness so and so was sick, but in this case Choate arose and commenced by saying that his important witness was on a bed of sickness, and perhaps a bed of death, and so went whirling up almost to the skies on this simple motion, to the great interest of everybody that heard him.

Our old Chief Justice, Judge Shaw, one of the greatest lawyers of his time, was a plain, practical man, and looked in his old age, as he sat on the bench, somewhat like a Chinese idol, and he used to frequently cut off Mr. Choate's eloquence by calling him back to the plain facts.

At a Bar dinner Choate was called upon to toast the Chief Justice, and what he said was this: "We regard our Chief Justice as the heathen regards his idol. We know that he is ugly, but we feel that he is great."

The handwriting of Rufus Choate was something beyond ordinary comprehension. It became my duty at one time to puzzle over his notes of evidence for about a week, and I never had a more difficult task. These notes of evidence were on a motion of Choate for a



new trial on the ground that the verdict was contrary to the evidence, and were sent to Charles G. Loring, in whose office I was studying law, with this note: "My dear Mr. Loring—Please look over my notes of evidence and express your *entire approval* of them or suggest any *unreasonable* objections which to you may occur." And Mr. Loring put the notes into my hands for translation.

Speaking of great lawyers, I ought to say that no lawyer in Boston had more wealthy and distinguished clients than Charles G. Loring, and the old Suffolk Bar had no better man. When I was admitted to the Bar, on his motion, I asked what I should pay him for tuition, and his answer was, "Nothing." "You can come to me," he said, "any time for any assistance you want. If I had not already my own brother and son in my firm, I would make you a member, and as it is, I will negotiate for you a partnership," and a few days after, at his suggestion, I was offered a three years' partnership by one of the most eminent commercial lawyers of Boston, Benjamin F. Brooks, Esq.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### ALPHA DELTA PHI.

"Dear Mr. Angell: I see it stated that you had something to do with the founding of the Dartmouth Chapter of 'Alpha Delta Phi.' Will you kindly tell me about it?"

Answer. In 1842 I entered Brown University and soon took part in a great crusade of our freshman class against all secret societies. We procured badges which outshone those of the existing societies, met in the parlors of a beautiful mansion, surrounded by gardens, where one of our classmates lived, and on the whole had very delightful times. Being the son of a country clergyman, I found that I had not money enough to go through Brown University without teaching winters, which was not permitted, and so joined the sophomore class at Dartmouth. Elections to the college secret societies there were not made until the sophomore year. I was nominated and was supposed to be sure of an election to the "Psi Upsilon," but when it came to the election one of the members who had heard something of the Brown University Crusade decided to write and inquire what part I had taken in it, and on receiving an answer that I had been very active decided to blackball me. When my good "Psi Upsilon" friend and classmate came to my room and told me about it (which he had no business to do) I replied, "Now, Baker, we have three years to stay in this college. Please remember what I tell you. Before we leave this college, I will have a society here head and shoulders above the others." There was in the junior class a small society limited to the class. Within forty-eight hours I had commenced negotiations and laid my plans before them, which were accepted. I nominated some half a dozen of my own class to be elected, and then went to work. The other societies had not the slightest knowledge of what we were doing until we had procured rooms in old Dartmouth Hall and initiated sixteen freshmen who were the cream of the freshman class. When the next freshman class came in, it was a stand up fight and we won the victory. Then we applied to become a Chapter of the "Alpha Delta Phi," and delegates from Yale and Amherst, in the beautiful parlors of Professor Sanborn, initiated us. When I left college the "Alpha Delta Phi" stood, in the opinions of all its members, head and shoulders above the other college societies.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Massachusetts has the first law in the world prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

Two of the greatest patriots were born in February, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

#### HEADED TOWARDS ANARCHY.

Under these head lines we find, in *The Boston Post* of December 13, that at the annual dinner of the Pennsylvania Society of New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria, December 12, Chief Justice Mitchell of Pennsylvania stated that some of the phrases so prominently put forth in the President's last message to Congress betray not only ignorance, but a deplorable incapacity to comprehend the fundamental principles of the American Government.

This looks as though Chief Justice Mitchell has no fear of the "big stick" at Washington.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN—ANOTHER RESULT OF CATTLE-RANCH, ROUGHRIDER, ROOSEVELTIAN DOINGS.

There is no paper in the United States we like better to read than the *Springfield Republican*, and on the same page of its issue of November 14 we find, with one of our own editorials copied from *Our Dumb Animals*, the following:

"Our spectacular armada has bedeviled the people of Australia as it bedeviled the peoples of Argentina and Brazil, and has done more to fan the flames of the big navy craze on both sides of the globe than any other single performance in our time. Within what Europe concedes to be the special sphere of our influence, according to the Monroe Doctrine, there arises to-day this phenomenon of an epidemic militarism that has no rational basis whatever, and must tend to injure the continent where its sinister manifestations appear."

As the years have gone by since we tried to prevent the appointment of Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy it has become strongly and more strongly impressed on our mind that Roosevelt is precisely what ex-Governor and ex-Senator Boutwell declared him to be, the most dangerous man in America, who may before he gets through be the cause of as great destruction of human and animal life through international wars as was caused by Napoleon Bonaparte.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Among many kind Christmas presents, one of fifty dollars comes "to our personal stocking" from a dear friend of our humane work with the wish "that it was a thousand times as much." It forcibly reminds us of what our good mother used to say to us in her old age, "George, you will never want for money because you have been so kind to your mother."

Her prophecy seems correct. Since passing our eightieth year our doctor's and living bills have been large, but it seems pretty sure that without calling on any Carnegie or Eliot funds we shall have enough not only to pay the bills of our good wife and ourself during the remainder of our earthly lives but also have the pleasure of knowing that we may be able to leave something to help our Humane Societies when we can no longer speak for them.

Just before going to press another kind donation of fifty dollars comes to me from another kind lady, to aid the work of our American Humane Education Society.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We regard all wars which Christ, when on earth, would not have approved, to be unchristian, and that as such they should be opposed by all followers of Christ of every religious denomination. GEO. T. ANGELL.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

#### WHERE IS THY BROTHER—CAIN?

I have sung of the soldier's glory  
As I never shall sing again:  
I have gazed on the shambles gory,  
I have smelled of the slaughter pen.

There is blood in the ink-well clotted,  
There are stains on the laurel-leaf,  
And the pages of Fame are blotted  
With the tears of a needless grief.

The bird is slaughtered for fashion,  
And the beast is killed for sport;  
And never the word compassion  
Is whispered at Moloch's court.

For the parent seal in the water  
Is slain, and her child must die,  
That some sister or wife or daughter  
Her beauty may beautify.

And the merciful thought we smother—  
[For such is the way of man]—  
As we murder the useless mother  
For the "unborn astrakhan."

But a season of rest comes never  
For the rarest sport of all;  
Will His patience endure forever,  
Who notheth a sparrow's fall?

When the volleys of hell are sweeping  
The sea and the battle plain,  
Do you think that our God is sleeping,  
And never to wake again?

When hunger and ravenous fever  
Are slaying the wasted frame,  
Shall we worship the red deceiver,  
The devil that men call Fame?

We may swing the censor to cover  
The odor of blood—in vain;  
God asks us, over and over,  
"Where is thy brother—Cain?"

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

#### THE ROOSEVELTIAN DOCTRINE.

##### From "Onward, Christian Soldier!"

The Anglo-Saxon Christians, with Gatling gun and sword,  
In serried ranks are pushing on the gospel of the Lord.  
On Africa's soil they press the foe in war's terrific scenes,  
And merrily the hunt goes on throughout the Philippines.

What though the Boers are Christians; the Filipinos, too!  
It is a Christian act to shoot a fellow-creature through;  
The bombs with dynamite surcharged their deadly missiles fling,  
And gayly on their fatal work the dum-dum bullets sing.

The dead and mangled bodies, the wounded and the sick,  
Are multiplied on every hand, on every field are thick.  
"O gracious Lord," the prayer goes up, "to us give victory swift!"  
The chaplains on opposing sides the same petitions lift.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Jesus that we reverence is not the lowly man  
Who trod in poverty and rags where Jordan's waters ran:  
Our savior is an admiral upon the quarter-deck,  
Or else a general uniformed, an army at his beck.

How natural that a change should come in nineteen hundred years,  
And Bibles take a place behind the bullets and the beers!  
We need a new Messiah to lead the latest way,  
And gospel version well revised to show us how to pray.

Then onward, Christian soldier! through fields of crimson gore,  
Behold the trade advantages beyond the open door!  
The profits on our ledgers outweigh the heathen loss;  
Set thou the glorious stars and stripes above the ancient cross!

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

## WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

*Private Smith of the Royals; the veldt and a slate-black sky,*

Hillocks of mud, brick-red with blood, and a prayer—half curse—to die.

A lung and a Mauser bullet; pink froth and a half-choked cry.

*Private Smith of the Royals; a torrent of freezing rain;*

A hail of frost on a life half-lost; despair and a grinding pain.

And the drip-drip-drip of the heavens to wash out the brand of Cain.

*Private Smith of the Royals, self-sounding his funeral knell;*

A burning throat that each gasping note scrapes raw like a broken shell;

A thirst like a red-hot iron and a tongue like a patch of hell.

*Private Smith of the Royals; the blush of a dawning day;*

The fading mist that the sun has kissed—and over the hills away

The blessed Red Cross, like an angel, in the trail of the men who slay.

*Private Smith of the Royals gazed up at the soft blue sky—*

The rose-tinged morn, like a babe new born, and the sweet-songed birds on high—

With the flock of red on his pallid lip and a film of white on his eye.

HERBERT CADETT.

Toronto Daily Chronicle.

## PICTURES OF WAR.

We take the following from various articles which have appeared in the Boston and other papers:

(1) With a cargo of dying horses and mules, and fifty-five empty stalls, the U. S. transport Victoria returned to port late last night, having been forced by stress of weather off Cape Flattery to turn back from her voyage to the Philippines. Of the 410 horses and mules carried by the Victoria and taken on board Nov. 23, fifty-five were literally pounded to death against the sides of their stalls in the storm, and many of the remaining animals are so badly bruised that the officers of the vessel believe they cannot be saved.—*Boston Journal*.

(2) A telegram from Honolulu says that the transport Siam which lost 365 out of 375 army mules on the way to the Philippines, has just returned for another lot.

(3) We see in our evening paper that the British Government has ordered ten thousand more American mules sent to South Africa.

(4) In the *Boston Evening Transcript*, "Listener" relates what he saw of the sufferings of horses and mules sent for army use to Cuba, and closes by saying, "Surely to horses war is hell."

(5) The sight of men dying or lying wounded on the field never completes the picture of a battle. Most of the bullets which pierce a human body on the field pierce a human heart in some far-off home.

(6) "The British infantry had carried the Boer positions, the cavalry pursued, using the long lance, or spear, with fearful effect. One of our men stuck his lance through two, killing both at one thrust."

"The Boers fell off their horses and rolled among the rocks, hiding their heads with their arms, calling for mercy, calling to be shot—anything to escape a stab from those terrible lances through their backs and bowels. But not many escaped. We just gave them a good dig as they lay. Next day most of the lances were bloody."

"They threw up their arms and fell on their knees for mercy, but we were told not to give them any, and I can assure you they got none. We went along sticking our lances through them."

"Blessed are the Merciful for they shall obtain Mercy."



MOTHER AND CHILD.

Berlin Photographic Co.

## A TENNESSEE DOCTOR'S HORSE.

Dr. J. B. Barnum of La Follette, Tennessee, sends us an interesting account of his horse.

"Charlie, whom every boy and girl in my vicinity loves, is a sleepy-looking six-year-old, quiet and contemplative in his usual moods, but when he has a good chance and is not needed can run around and kick up his heels like any boy of his age. Let a little one stray around his feet or get on his back and he sobers down and steps as carefully as though treading on eggs. Charlie knows every youngster and baby in the neighborhood. Put one on his back, tie up the reins, and start him off to take the little one home, and he goes to the right house, stops at the door, stands till relieved of his burden, and then quietly trots home unless he sees me coming, and then he follows me.

"He never, in the many calls I daily make, requires fastening, but will follow along, pick around until the visit is finished, and if the next is near, trot around and wait until it is finished. Charlie understands, if he cannot speak, the English language. One instance of many I will give. One morning, when starting out on my morning round, a woman called from a neighboring row of tenements, 'Call and see my child when you come back.' Some two hours had elapsed before the round was finished and the call had been forgotten. When we reached the street corner Charlie balked, took the bit in his mouth and made a run up the street to the woman's house, stopped at the door and waited till the little sufferer's wants had been attended to, and then quietly followed me home. He had never been there before, and if he did not understand what was said, what made him act so? Sometimes he is quite helpful in ridding me of the chronic hypochondriac cases, who fancy a full recital of all their ills, real and imaginary, to be necessary at every visit, and that the doctor has nothing to do save to hear these wandering stories. If a call at certain places is unusually prolonged and an open door or window accessible, his head is sure to pop in and a prolonged neighing issues till I go on. One morning he had been quietly following until noon was approaching, when by sundry little nips on my coat-sleeve he intimated that 'corn time' had

come. When the family was visited and a retreat sounded, another member of the family claimed attention. This was despatched and a new start made, when another required attention. Charlie pulled violently on my sleeve to no purpose. After this case was pacified I again made a move, when the old grandmother called to 'wait till they could send to a neighbor's and bring the baby.' This was too much. Charlie seized me by the coat collar and pulled me away, striking out viciously with both heels toward the tormentors. You could almost imagine from the expression of his face that he was saying: 'These people have had doctoring enough and I want my corn.'

"The night is never so dark but that he brings me safely home, often over roads where a misstep would land us hundreds of feet below. Never a stream so swift that he will not carry me surely across. Never a storm but that to the best of his ability he will shield me with his body from its force. Never a morning but his neigh is one of the first sounds I hear. Do you wonder that he is regarded as something more than a mere animal to be bought and sold, but rather as a comrade trusty and true from whom nothing but death will part me?"

Dr. J. B. BARNUM.

La Follette, Tenn.

## GET COAL EARLY TO SAVE HORSES.

George T. Angell, president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has issued an appeal to the public at large asking them to see to it that their coal bins are full before the icy weather sets in and to so merit the thanks of hundreds of horses which will thereby escape pulling heavy loads in rough weather over ice and through snow.—*Boston Journal*, Nov. 11, 1908.

The above appeared in the Boston daily papers of November 10 and 11.

## ARMY HORSES.

In the *Buffalo Horse World* of Dec. 8 we find an interesting article on army horses, which commences: "There can be but little question that horses in war suffer more fatalities than men."

## OUR HORSES.

Our horses, whom it is our duty to represent, are all for peace and arbitration. They want no wars anywhere. Too many of them have died on battlefields and by starvation and terrible cruelty in the handling of cannon and ambulances and army supplies to have any love of war.

The horses of America would all vote for peace.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

## PETTING A HORSE.

If You Want to Please Him Rub Him Between the Ears.

"Not many people know how to pet a horse, from the horse's standpoint, at any rate," said a trainer. "Every nice-looking horse comes in for a good deal of petting. Hitch a fine horse close to the curb and you'll find that half the men, women and children who go by will stop for a minute, say 'Nice horsy,' and give him an affectionate pat or two.

"The trouble is they don't pat him in the right place. If you want to make a horse think he is going straight to heaven hitched to a New York cab or delivery wagon, rub over his eyes. Next to that form of endearment a horse likes to be rubbed right up between the ears. In petting horses most people slight those nerve centers. They stroke the horse's nose. While a well behaved horse will accept the nasal caress complacently, he would much prefer that nice, soothing touch applied to the eyelids. Once in a while a person comes along who really does know how to pet a horse. Nine times out of ten that man was brought up in the country among horses and learned when a boy their peculiar ways."—*New York Globe*.

## TO STABLE KEEPERS AND ALL INTERESTED IN HORSES.

My experience has led me to think that a very large part of the abuse of livery as well as other horses comes from thoughtlessness, and because of this thoughtlessness horses are often driven very hard, both up hill and down, not given water or food as often as they require, left standing without blankets in cold weather, and not unfrequently they suffer from high checkreins, etc., etc., all of which might be remedied if their drivers would read "*Black Beauty*," which now claims a circulation of more than three millions copies, and which can be obtained at our offices at five cents a copy, or sent by mail at ten cents a copy.

Can stable keepers and owners of horses, which are intrusted to other persons, make a better investment for the protection of their property than to present such persons with a copy of "*Black Beauty*?"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## HORSES IN OUR LUMBERMEN'S CAMPS.

A kind suggestion of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the distinguished actress, that there is great need of the men in our lumber camps being supplied with humane publications, which will secure a kinder treatment for the horses employed in those camps, has led me to make a careful investigation in northern New Hampshire and Vermont. I find that simply in the lumber camps of those two sections there are about fifteen thousand men, with thousands of horses, and we should like to make a special effort to humanely influence all the men in those camps, and prevent great suffering to horses.

If any of our friends care to aid us in this work, please send to me or Hon. Henry B. Hill, treasurer of our American Humane Education Society, such donations as they can afford to help the circulation of our publications not only in these sections, but in tens of thousands of lumber camps, employing hundreds of thousands of men and horses, in other parts of our country.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



# AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



## BAND OF MERCY

## EDITORS MAY SAVE LIVES.

In our last month's issue we told how a gentleman standing in the aisle of one of our electric cars was thrown off his balance by a sudden jerk and thrusting his arm through one of the car windows cut an artery and would have quickly bled to death but for a young man in the car who had been attending emergency lectures, who rushed forward and giving his handkerchief a tourniquet twist about the gentleman's arm above the cut stopped the bleeding and so saved his life. To this we added that if the editors of the about twenty thousand publications to which our paper goes every month would republish this it may be the means of saving, in railroad and other accidents, many lives. Our good friend and frequent medical adviser, Dr. Harry W. Goodall of 71 Marlboro street, tells us that our Boston police and firemen and children in the public schools are fully instructed in regard to this matter. Will the about twenty thousand editors who receive our paper every month kindly suggest to their readers that similar instructions should be given in all cities and towns?

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## BURGLARS AT PEPPERELL.

In our morning paper, of December 2, we see that burglars blew open a vault of the First National Bank at Pepperell, Massachusetts, last night, got fourteen thousand dollars in cash from the vault, and then left in their automobile.

We wonder how long it will be before our plan will be adopted by country towns of having two policemen, armed with shotguns, going in an automobile perhaps a dozen times in a night by nearly every house in town, and citizens will be instructed, whenever there is any cause for suspicion, to hang out signal lights and stop these policemen for investigation.

As matters are now, the criminals are using the automobiles and the policemen, tramping singly, alone, nights, are of almost no use for the protection of property or life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

In cold weather blanket your horses while stopping.

(Written for *Our Dumb Animals*.)

## THE POOR OLD HORSE.

An old and crippled horse am I,  
Full twenty years have passed  
Since I was bought with price so high,  
Because I could trot so fast.

But now I've grown so weak and old,  
My owner said, to-day,  
"I think the old horse must be sold,  
"And in his place we'll use the bay."

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,  
When master brought me home,  
And mistress stroked my coat of gray  
And from their eyes the kindness shone,  
And now my usefulness is o'er,  
And beauty, too, I know,  
But still I love them as of yore,  
And could I but speak, would tell them so.

My lot was happy for twenty years,  
No hard work night or day,  
I had no thought, I had no fears  
Bad luck would come my way.

But, oh, this evening, after dark,  
There came a great surprise,  
A shadow flitted grim and dark  
Before my dim, old eyes.

My master with indifferent smile,  
Mistress with her face serene,  
A bustle about the barn, awhile,  
O dear, what can it mean?

Then comes a stranger to my stall  
And roughly lifts my head.  
"I'll give scarce anything," he says, "at all,"  
"For this old horse is nearly dead."

My old eyes ache, my limbs are weak,  
I know now what they've done,  
They've sold me to a stranger, sleek,  
When life for me is almost done.

O master, why so hard of heart?  
And mistress, once so kind,  
I love you, and we're doomed to part;  
Must I leave you both behind?

My eyes are dim, my heart is sore  
From longing for old friends;  
I pray my life may soon be o'er,  
I wait, in patience till it ends.

JENNIE F. STODDARD,  
East Weymouth, Mass.

You are doing right when you treat every living creature as you would wish to be treated. If you drive a horse, or own a horse, think how you would like to be treated if you were that horse. Treat your dog and your cat as you would like to be treated if you were that dog or cat.

## KILLING ANIMALS FOR FUN.

One of the most influential ladies of western Massachusetts sends us the following, published in the *New York Herald*:

In this year of grace, 1908, our President, Theodore Roosevelt, church member, man of letters, soldier and statesman, will soon travel many thousands of miles armed with the latest sporting gear, to seek out in their forest homes animals that have the right to live and that enjoy the splendor of their strength and freedom as much as he does. The President will lie in ambush and kill the beasts that are luckless enough to cross his path. It will all mean to him just a grand holiday and some roaring good fun in the killing of these animals for the mere wanton pleasure of killing something. . . .  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

In all questions relating to war it is the duty of the editor of this paper never to forget and always be ready to speak for the horses and mules that must suffer and die.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"He shall have judgment without mercy that hath shown no mercy."



## THE LIGHTHOUSE LAMP.

The winds came howling down from the north,  
Like a hungry wolf for prey,  
And the bitter sleet went hurling forth,  
In the sinking face of the day.

And the snowflakes drifted near and far,  
Till the land was whitely fleeced,  
And the lighthouse lamp, a golden star,  
Flamed over the waves' white yeast.

In the room at the foot of the lighthouse  
Lay mother and babe asleep,  
And little maid Gretchen was by them there,  
A resolute watch to keep.

There were only the three on the lighthouse isle,  
For father had trimmed the lamp,  
And set it burning a weary while  
In the morning's dusk and damp.

"Long before night I'll be back," he said,  
And his white sail slipped away,  
Away and away to the mainland sped,  
But it came not home that day.

The mother stirred on her pillow's space,  
And moaned in pain and fear,  
Then looked in her little daughter's face  
Through the blur of starting tear.

"Darling," she whispered, "it's piercing cold,  
And the tempest is rough and wild;  
And you are no laddie, strong and bold,  
My poor little maiden child;

"But up aloft there's the lamp to feed,  
Or its flame will die in the dark,  
And the sailor lose in his utmost need  
The light of our islet's ark."

"I'll go," said Gretchen, "a step at a time;  
Why, mother, I'm twelve years old,  
And steady, and never afraid to climb,  
And I've learned to do as I'm told."

Then Gretchen up to the top of the tower,  
Up the icy, smooth-worn stair,  
Went slowly and surely that very hour,  
The sleet in her eyes and hair.

She fed the lamp, and she trimmed it well,  
And its clear light glowed afar,  
To warn of reefs, and of rocks to tell,  
This mariner's guiding star.

And once again when the world awoke  
In the dawn of a bright new day,  
There was joy in the hearts of the fisher folk  
Along the stormy bay,

When the little boats came sailing in  
All safe and sound to the land,  
To the haven the light had helped them win,  
By the aid of a child's brave hand.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

## HIRAM POWERS, THE GREAT AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

"I had [at Florence] one memorable conversation with the distinguished American sculptor, Hiram Powers, in which he expressed his firm conviction that the great need of our country was more education of the heart.

"Educate the hearts of the people," said he.

"Give in your schools rewards to the good boys, not to the smart ones."

"God gives the intellect—the boy should not be rewarded for that."

"The great danger of our country is from its smart men. Educate the heart. Educate the heart. Let us have good men."

"These were the words of that old man eloquent, with an eye like an eagle's and a face full of sunshine."—From page 29 of our "Autobiographical Recollections."

If any little word of mine  
May make a life the brighter,  
If any little song of mine  
May make a heart the lighter,  
God help me speak the little word  
And take my bit of singing  
And drop it in some lonely vale,  
To set the echoes ringing.



OVER SNOW FIELDS. 7

Berlin Photographic Co.

## DWIGHT L. MOODY.

It was through his help that in 1871 we obtained without charge the use of Farwell Hall, Chicago, to establish the Illinois Humane Society, which has saved millions of animals from suffering. All who loved Mr. Moody will read, we think, with pleasure the following, from pages 56 and 57 of our Autobiographical Sketches:

## How Dwight L. Moody Helped the Animals.

The last day of my stop in Baltimore was a notable one. The great Maryland Sunday School Convention was in session in one of the largest churches, and every moment occupied. I had applied in vain for permission to speak in behalf of animals. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, then in Baltimore, was to take charge of its exercises on the great day of the convention. I went to his house and asked him to speak for those that could not speak for themselves. He said, "Come and speak yourself." I said, "They will not let me." He said, "Come to the church tomorrow morning." I was there promptly with two thousand copies of "Marett Tract." The great church was packed, every seat full, the aisles full; from one to two hundred clergymen, perhaps, on the platform; each county with its banner. No admission except by ticket. In a few moments Mr. Moody came. "Follow me," said he. He took me

through the crowd to the platform. "Put your tracts here and follow me," he said; and in one minute I found myself on the front of the platform, in the chair which had apparently been reserved for him. He called for another chair; gave out one of his beautiful melodies; then sent the contribution boxes around, ordered them up on the platform so that all the ministers might have a chance to give, then sent them down to the vestry, saying, "I don't want any money rattling around here;" then another melody; then spoke some twenty minutes, bringing tears to the eyes of many; then broke off suddenly, and, while every eye was upon him, said, "My friend, Mr. Angell of Boston, is now going to talk to you about kindness to animals, a most important subject for Sunday schools. Step forward, Mr. Angell, and speak." I do not think there was ever a more astonished audience. I am sure that during the fifteen minutes I addressed them I never had a more attentive one. At the close he at once took charge of the distribution of the tracts, and added words of kindness which I shall never forget. And that is how D. L. Moody helped the animals.

The Maryland Society for the Protection of Animals has become a live power in that State. We think of no better epitaph for Mr. Moody's tombstone than "Servant of God, well done."

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

*Boston, January, 1909.*

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

## BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty-two thousand, five hundred newspapers and magazines.

## OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Richmond 572; or our Mass. Society, Main 1226.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

## SUBSCRIBERS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month three hundred and eleven new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of seventy-three thousand six hundred and forty-one.



## NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller numbers than five.

## THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

At the December meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held this morning, President Angell reported that the prosecuting agents of the Massachusetts Society, in their investigation of complaints during the month, examined three thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven animals, took one hundred and nine horses from work, and mercifully killed two hundred and twenty-one horses and other animals.

Three hundred and eleven new Bands of Mercy have been formed during the month, making a total of seventy-three thousand six hundred and forty-one.

By the will of Caleb Chase of Brookline, the Massachusetts Society is to receive \$5,000.  
Boston, December 16, 1908.

## OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:  
For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.  
For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson, Worcester, 142 June Street. Tel. 288-3.  
For Southeastern Massachusetts—Henry A. Perry, Mansfield.

For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—James R. Hathaway, Special Agent; Thomas Langlan, Charles F. Clark, George W. Splaine, Frank G. Phillips, Joseph M. Russell, Harry L. Allen; Emergency Agent, Geo. Albert Grant—all at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts cities and towns who render us more or less service.

## FOR THE PROTECTION OF HORSES AND OTHER ANIMALS.

In behalf of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I hereby offer five dollars to any person knowing of cruelty to any horse in Massachusetts who will give us in court the evidence necessary to convict; also for similar evidence in court to enable us to convict any person of cruelty to any other domestic animal in Massachusetts, I offer a prize of not less than two dollars.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

## AT THE NEW ORLEANS CONVENTION.

We are glad to be informed that the annual convention of the American Humane Association of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals at New Orleans, on November 17, 18 and 19, was a great success in its number of delegates, the papers that were read there, the discussions and resolutions, and plans of work, and the overwhelming hospitality of our New Orleans friends; probably no one of the Association's annual conventions has ever given greater pleasure and satisfaction to the delegates attending. The old board of officers, with Dr. W. O. Stillman of Albany, N. Y., as President, was reflected with some additions; and an enthusiastic invitation from the society and mayor of Nashville, Tennessee, was received to hold the next convention in that city.

In our paper, which was read there, we expressed the wish that our country should lead the world in civilization and humanity, and that for this purpose it was most desirable that the representatives of our humane societies should meet from time to time in leading cities, North, South, East and West.

We have also been much gratified to receive from our good friends, Mrs. Schaffter of New Orleans, Dr. Leffingwell of Aurora, New York, and President Stillman, letters giving high praise to our delegate and secretary, Mr. Guy Richardson.

We should be glad to publish much more in regard to the New Orleans convention if we were not so tremendously crowded with other matters; and have constantly before us a knowledge that our audience includes about twenty thousand newspapers, and our paper must be made so interesting as to escape the wastebasket. If we spoke only of our particular subjects we should lose three-quarters of our most important readers. The American Humane Association, dealing with such vast subjects as cruelty to children and cruelty to animals, should have a monthly paper of its own in which all matters interesting to our humane societies should be printed. The principal object of our paper must be to convert our American heathen who would never read a paper that might be acceptable to humane workers.

Among the best subjects discussed at the convention was a plan by Mr. Henry C. Merwin for the employment of traveling agents to visit all the towns in a State, and report and deal with cases of cruelty; also a plan by Miss Marshall Saunders for the protection of birds; also a very interesting address by President Stillman.

We earnestly wish that President Stillman might be able to abandon his profession, as we did, and give his entire time to prosecuting his great work for the protection of children and animals.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## OUR SECRETARY, MR. GUY RICHARDSON.

In answer to a question about our secretary, Mr. Guy Richardson, it gives me great pleasure to say that I selected him out of a large number of applicants for the position; that he came to me with the highest recommendations from my old friend, the President of Boston University, where Mr. Richardson graduated; that his mother is President of the New Hampshire Woman's Christian Temperance Union; that he has given me great satisfaction in the duties devolving upon him; that at the convention of the American Humane Association of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals, held in Boston last year, he won the good will of the delegates, and at the convention recently held in New Orleans he has won distinguished praise from various members of the convention, who have written me on the subject.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## MRS. MARY L. SCHAFFTER OF NEW ORLEANS.

In the winter of 1884-5 Mrs. Schaffter did splendid work in aiding us to form the Louisiana Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which she has always been a most efficient and successful friend. We believe that she is now about the only person living who was prominent in the founding of that society and she is entitled to the warmest thanks of all now interested in it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Ex-Attorney General Albert E. Pillsbury, counsel of our two humane societies, sends us, just as we are going to press, a copy of the President's message, in which he expresses his wish that all the schoolboys of America should be shooting army rifles, which, of course, would result in great danger not only to thousands of animals, but to thousands of human beings. Even in ordinary hunting now a great many hunters are shot, and if all the schoolboys of America were set to work shooting army rifles, nobody can estimate the amount of danger there would be to human and animal life.

We thank the Lord that the days of Roosevelt as President will soon be over, and we most sincerely hope that we shall have a vastly safer man to fill his place.

GEO. T. ANGELL.





Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over seventy-three thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

## Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. (See Melodies.)

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



## UNDERSTOOD OUR LANGUAGE.

Lake George, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1908.

Dear Mr. Angell:—Some time ago we had a collie by the name of Rex. My driving mare we called Nettie, and if Rex ever heard me speak the mare's name or say I should hitch up and take a drive, no matter in what language I voiced my intention, he was on the alert and at the door, whining to be allowed to go, as he was very fond of the mare. The time came when a removal of the family to this town forbade keeping the dog. I found a willing purchaser and good home for him where he is to-day; and the day I announced the fact at the breakfast table I told my wife not to allow Rex to go out, as I would come up and get him in time to ship him on the noon train.

The dog could never be coaxed or driven into the cellar, for some unknown reason, but when I came for him and searched the house from top to bottom, calling him constantly for some time, he was at last discovered in the farthest corner of the cellar behind some barrels.

His story has a happy sequel, for he is now the contented guardian of an old lady who has no children, and values the dog beyond price. When he first arrived in his present home he was very mournful and homesick for some time, but has gotten over it and is now contented.—E. A. KNIGHT, Editor The Lake George Mirror.

## DOG SAVES THREE PERSONS FROM DEATH IN MELROSE FIRE.

A Boston terrier saved the lives of three early to-day in a fire which destroyed the home of John W. Davis at No. 314 Swains Pond road, Melrose. Davis was awakened about one o'clock by the growling of his terrier Shorty. He was half asleep and called a command to the dog to be still. He fell asleep again, only to be aroused a second time by the dog, which was pawing beside the bed and whining.

"What's the matter, Shorty? If you don't behave I'll have to lick you," he scolded. Shorty answered with a series of snappy barks.

"I wonder if he's mad," suddenly thought Davis, thinking of the numerous cases of hydrophobia lately. The dog by this time was frantic. Davis jumped up and struck a light.

As he did so he saw smoke curling around the edges of the closed bedroom door. Calling to his wife, he flung open the door and a cloud of smoke rolled in from the hall.

Davis stumbled through the smoke to his daughter's room, several times being driven back by the flames which were licking the walls all about him.

He aroused his daughter and told her to dress and get out and then ran back to his wife.

The faithful dog thought it had been left to guard her and he never moved. Davis had some difficulty in rousing his wife, who was slightly affected by the smoke. He took her out, the dog following him and all the time making a great fuss.

Alderman George W. Russell heard Davis crying for help and ran in his night clothes and barefoot to the alarm box half a mile distant. The engines had to make a two and one-half mile run and when they got to the fire the house was blazing from the front porch to the rear garret.

Davis thinks the fire caught from the chimney. He placed the loss at \$4,000 for house and furniture and said he carried but \$1,500 insurance.

"We all owe our lives to Shorty," he said. "You can bet we'll be good to that dog as long as it lives. If we had been alone the three of us would have been burned. My wife and daughter never would have waked up, while it took the most persistent efforts by poor old Shorty to even get me aroused."

"Good old Shorty," said Davis, patting the terrier affectionately. And Shorty seemed to know, if frantic efforts to wiggle his rather rudimentary screw tail indicated anything.

—Boston American, Nov. 28.

Fortunately this dog was neither tied or muzzled. GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A MISTAKE ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA.

I regret to learn that in various newspapers allusion is made to a statement, said to have been made by me, that there is no such disease as hydrophobia.

I have never made any such statement, although I have a vast deal of evidence from people who entertain the opinion that it is largely a disease of the imagination. When doctors disagree so widely, I cannot decide.

Some of the papers quote me as being Doctor Angell. I have never been a doctor of divinity, law, medicine, philosophy, or any other kind of a doctor that I am aware of. I was a member of the Suffolk Bar, and in that business accumulated the means which enabled me to work over twenty years without pecuniary compensation.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

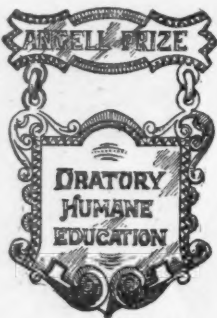
## ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE  
CONTESTS  
IN HUMANE  
SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."



We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on purple velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday school or church or library or any other object preferred.

## "BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

## PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

"*The Humane Horse Book*," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

In hiring a herd, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herd we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

**OUR CREED** and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as it appears on its battle flags, its badges, and its official seal, is "GLORY TO GOD," "PEACE ON EARTH," "KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth, and birds are decreasing in this country.

## OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

*Black Beauty*, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

*Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's*, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

*Some of New York's "400,"* in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

*For Pity's Sake*, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 50 cents at office, or 60 cents mailed.

*Beautiful Joe* at publishers' price, new edition, illustrated, \$1.25, postpaid; smaller edition, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed; cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. All editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OF GREATER POWER THAN THE  
BATTLESHIP, NORTH DAKOTA.

November 19, 1908.

My dear Mrs. Reed:—It gives me infinite pleasure to receive your kind favor of November 17, and know of your success in having systematic humane education adopted in all the schools of Greenwich, Conn., and that your success is to be celebrated by a great public meeting to be addressed by *Dr. William Maxwell*, superintendent of schools in New York City, *Prof. Dewey* of Columbia University, *Madam Von Klemser*, president of the Woman's Press Club, and *Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton*.

A few days since a great battleship (the *North Dakota*) was launched at a shipyard near Boston and columns in our newspapers were given to its launching. In my opinion you have launched a ship of mercy a hundred times more important for the protection of property and life and the promotion, in the words of our American Humane Education Society's objects, of "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature, both human and those we call dumb."

It is said that nine hundred officers and men will be required to man the *North Dakota*. The four who are to address your meeting probably hold in their hands an influence for the good of our country and the world many times more important than the influence of the nine hundred that will steam out of Boston harbor on this great battleship.

With kind wishes,

Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## ONLY PAPER IN THE WORLD.

Probably the only paper in the world that is published for naught but the good it can do is *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston, Mass. It is an eloquent monthly plea for those who cannot speak for themselves, finely illustrated and nicely printed—a paper that should go into every house, especially those where there are children. In the November number there is a portrait of George T. Angell, publisher—a man whose face betokens the kindness which prompts his unintermitting work for good. Forty years ago he began, and in all that time his earnestness has never flagged. No advertisements appear in his paper—for the suggestive reason that he wishes to maintain it absolutely independent of every influence that even by implication might detract from its beneficent purpose and usefulness. Is there another paper like it? — *Mining Journal*, Frostburg, Maryland, Nov. 21, 1908.

## SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &amp;c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above-named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK you do?

ANSWER. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably OVER SIXTY MILLIONS of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herd, or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

## FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

(1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.

(2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight checkreins.

## WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.

(3) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

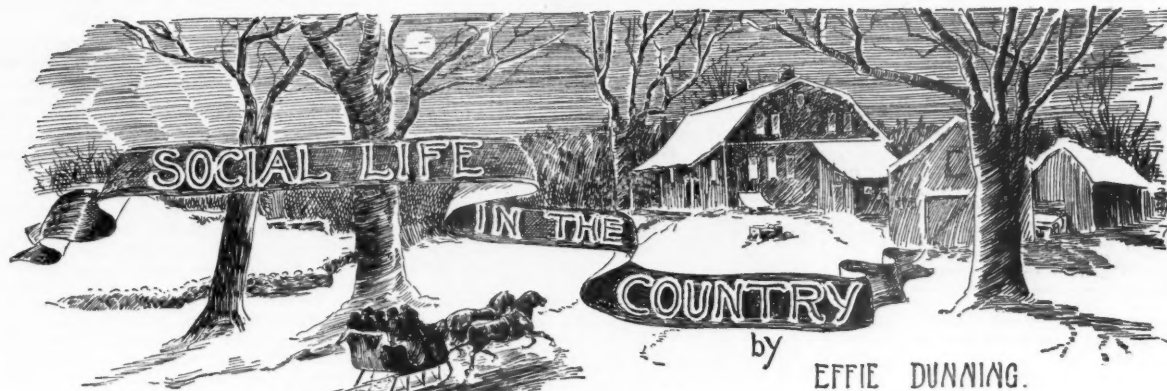
Send for prize essays published by our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.





GOING TO WISH OUR FRIENDS A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

# BOTH PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC APPROVALS.

We have in our morning's mail, of December 4, several very kind notices of our paper and our work. A Missouri editor tells us we are doing a grand and noble work, but must not expect to get our just dues in this world, but hopes we may get them in the great unknown. And here is a letter from the Rev. Fr. Thomas Middleton, O. S. A., of St. Thomas Monastery, Villanova, Pennsylvania, expressing the admiration and kindness of its writer; and here is the following from a prominent Catholic clergyman in the vicinity of Boston, in which he informs us that he has distributed some six hundred copies of our December issue to his Sunday school children:

"Your kind words in the last number of *Dumb Animals* concerning the Catholic Centenary lead me to express to you the feelings of gratitude which Catholics entertain for you in person, and of good will for the great work you are so earnestly and successfully advocating. I used the occasion of this number to distribute some six hundred copies of the paper to my Sunday school children and to exhort them to practice the lessons you teach. "I was privileged to be a member of the household of the late Archbishop Williams for many years and I can testify from my close acquaintance how much regard he had for you and your crusade. In fact, in a short history of the Boston Diocese, published on the occasion of the Centenary, this love for dumb animals was mentioned as a distinguishing trait of his character; and in it, he was quoted as remarking the great change for the better he had observed in his lifetime in the treatment of animals—and I could add that I heard him attribute the credit of this beneficent change to your labors.

"May God continue to guide you in your work for years to come.

"Sincerely yours."

# BERKSHIRE ANIMAL RESCUE LEAGUE.

We are glad to know by a kind letter from Mrs. J. L. C. Couch, its president, of the grand, good work being done by the Berkshire Animal Rescue League, headquarters at Pittsfield. The league is soon to be incorporated, has largely attended meetings, and we have no doubt is to become a power in the western part of our State. It has now between one and two hundred members.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Always keep your dogs and cats nights where they will not disturb the sleep of your neighbors and so come in danger of being poisoned.

# BLACK SOFT COAL SMOKE IN BOSTON.

The following letter was sent on November 20 to the excellent Superintendent of our City Board of Health, Dr. Samuel H. Durgin. As we have received no answer, and as the doctor usually answers all our questions very promptly, we presume that it will be a difficult undertaking to compel the Boston Elevated Railroad Company to burn hard coal instead of soft. And so to aid the doctor by stirring up public opinion on the subject we publish our letter in this paper, which, as our readers know, goes every month to every doctor, lawyer, clergyman, newspaper, and a multitude of others in Boston and over our entire State, and to all newspapers and magazines in the United States:

Boston, Nov. 20, 1908.

Dear Dr. Durgin:—During the whole summer and in my daily rides since I returned to the city I have seen huge columns of black soft coal smoke going up from the chimneys of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company at 439 Albany street, and reaching out every day and probably every night over our city. Thousands of people have been and are compelled to breathe more or less of this smoke. I do not know whether your Board of Health has sufficient power to compel the Elevated Company to use hard coal instead of soft, but I am sure if you could bring about such a change it would result in great benefit.

With kindest wishes, I am,

Yours sincerely,

GEO. T. ANGELL.

# HEREDITY.

While we have never attempted to trace our own ancestry back to the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, it is always a pleasure to us to think that our father's life as a clergyman was recorded in the annals of the Baptist pulpit and in the remembrance of his church and congregation as having won the approbation and kind wishes of all who knew him, and even more a pleasure to know of the good deeds of our good mother. There is still living, as the wife of our Vice-President, Hon. Henry B. Hill, a lady who attended more than seventy years ago the private school for young ladies which our mother kept at Salem, Massachusetts, and who after this long lapse of years declares she has never met any one who could more properly bear the name of Angell. In the great Boston fire of 1872 a multitude of our mother's letters, full of charitable and religious devotion, were burned, and so it was a greater pleasure to us after Thanksgiving, which we tried to make happier for others as well as ourself, to receive in our next morning's mail, on November 27, a picture of our native town, Southbridge, Massachusetts, together with letters written by our good mother more than fifty years ago.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

# GOOD NEWS.

It is good news that at the great national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, recently held at Denver, Colorado, particular attention was called by our good friend, its national president, to the influence of *Our Dumb Animals* and to the statement by Mrs. Lovell, the national superintendent, that there are now nine hundred and seven superintendents in the mercy department in the United States and much need of more superintendents, more Bands of Mercy, and more teaching of mercy through the pulpit and the press. The message we sent to the convention expressed our gratitude that while politicians all over our country were sitting on their political fences crying out *Good Lord—Good Devil*, here is a great army of Christian women, marching under the banner of the Cross, without one selfish purpose or thought, seeking only the Glory of God and the welfare of mankind.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

# A PERFECT BONANZA.

A prominent Boston business man said to us some time since, "If you would only take advertisements in your paper, Mr. Angell, you would have a perfect bonanza." Notwithstanding this kind advice, we told one of our last applicants that we should charge him five hundred dollars for a single insertion of the small advertisement he had and should then apologize for inserting it. When we see a picture we want we are glad to give credit to the sender. We have had offers from Boston and New York publishers of more than a thousand pictures without charge.

Far more important than any bonanza to us is the power of sending out every month to every newspaper in America north of Mexico and to the presidents and secretaries of all American universities and colleges and to every lawyer, doctor, clergyman, and school superintendent of our own State and a multitude of others all over our country and in foreign countries, everything we want to say which in our own judgment will tend to promote, in the words of our *American Humane Education Society*, "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature, both human and those we call dumb." And so it has come to pass that if one of our readers, standing on the north boundary line of Alaska, or the south boundary line of New Mexico, should happen to see the sign of some little newspaper and drop in and inquire, "Do you have *Our Dumb Animals* from Boston?" the answer would be, "We not only have it every month but we read it."

Our monthly audience includes the men and women who talk possibly to a hundred million people in our own and other countries, and is certainly one of the most important audiences in the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



## A GOOD LETTER ENCLOSING A CHECK FOR ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Dear Mr. Angell:—With my very grateful regards please accept the enclosed subscription to the American Humane Education Society. As I consider the vast, far reaching work which you have accomplished I rejoice for the sake of the suffering creation in the long years of your unabated usefulness. May I be permitted to repeat a remark made by one who is a regular reader of your monthly paper, namely, "that no one man could be so little spared from the world as Mr. Angell," a thought which is echoed by

Yours sincerely.

## THIS MORNING'S MAIL.

In this morning's mail we find a number of kind editorial notices in papers coming from different parts of our country, but none that pleases us more than the closing lines of one in the *Bristol (Connecticut) Press*, as follows:

"And, by the way, if people are looking for a rather remarkable publication that has individuality, convictions, aggressive force and humanity in every line, as well as being in a distinctive class by itself, they should read *Our Dumb Animals*. There is not in all the wide world another publication like it."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## COUNT TOLSTOI.

Count Tolstoi in the *New York World* gives one of the most striking articles we have ever seen on the wickedness of war, showing how by the cunning manipulations of politicians poor men are led to forget the teachings of Christ, and at the command of their leaders shoot down other poor people who are their brother Christians and might be their best friends, whenever it becomes for the interest of the politicians to so order.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## "WATKINS, NEW YORK, EXPRESS," ON ROOSEVELT.

Really, when you come to think of a man's buying a costly outfit and journeying five thousand miles in order to kill things which he doesn't need and just for the joy he finds in tearing them to pieces with bullets, it makes one wonder if, after all, man has got very far away from the savage from which he sprang. Last week the German Emperor killed thirty deer because he loved the sport of killing them, and President Roosevelt is going to Africa because it gives him joy to match his man's intellect against that of an animal, overcome him and put him to an agonizing death. He will probably have a hundred natives to help him and altogether they will drive the poor bewildered, terrified beast into a corner and then the big man of the party will plump lead into him until he can make no further fight but dies moaning with pain, and wondering in a vague animal way why they are all so bent on killing him. Great achievement; telegraphed all over the world.

## FOR CRUELTY IN TRANSPORTATION.

We are glad to learn from our counsel, Hon. A. E. Pillsbury, that in our United States Circuit Court it has been decided that the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company shall pay two hundred and fifty dollars on each of two counts, and two hundred dollars on each of three counts, for bringing cattle from Albany to Boston, during more than twenty-eight hours without rest, water and feeding.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Kind words, a gentle voice and a little petting will accomplish vastly more than any amount of yelling.

## FROM KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

We have an interesting letter from Mr. Charles E. Stokes of Kansas City, Missouri, chairman of the executive committee of the Missouri temperance organizations, suggesting to us what we are well aware of, that a vast deal of cruelty to animals comes from the drinking of intoxicating liquors. We are glad to say that in all the publications of our temperance societies probably no single book can be found more effective than "Black Beauty," of which we have caused already more than three millions copies to be circulated in our own and foreign languages. We want all our temperance workers to carefully read this wonderful book.

Our Humane Societies and Bands of Mercy are receiving most efficient service from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, many of whose leaders have been and are among our best friends.

We are glad to add that the mother of our secretary, Mr. Guy Richardson, is president of the New Hampshire W. C. T. U.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE SALE OF GOLD FISH IN THE FIVE AND TEN-CENT STORES.

We have been notified of great suffering inflicted upon gold fish, which have been sold in some of our five and ten-cent stores, and which have been compelled to slowly die from inattention, failing to change the water, etc. We have instructed our officers to do everything possible to stop this cruelty.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A PROMINENT BOSTON LADY.

A prominent Boston lady kindly suggests to us various things that are more dangerous to human life than dogs, among which she includes the rusty nails and broken glass frequently thrown into our streets. We have repeatedly called attention to this subject and trust that our police will be especially careful by cautions and enforcement of laws to prevent, so far as possible, the danger.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A GOOD EXAMPLE.

We were glad to be notified in our morning mail of November 30 that the city authorities of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, have voted a special pension for the support, in his old age, of "Billy," a horse employed by the fire department for over twenty years. We hope other cities will follow this good example.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## HONOLULU, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We are pleased to receive on December 5 an order from the Humane Society at Honolulu for two hundred copies of "Black Beauty," two hundred copies of "Our Gold Mine at Hollyhurst," and one hundred copies of "Strike at Shane's."

We are sending out our missionaries over the world, and if we had about a million dollars should soon have going to every civilized country hundreds of thousands of these missionaries to proclaim the gospel of "Glory to God, Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature," both human and those we call dumb.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

As Brazil is now building at a cost of thirty millions of dollars the three most powerful battleships in the world, much larger than ours, we shall not be compelled any longer to bother our heads about protecting Brazil from European governments, but we may have to bother our heads a good deal to get the Panama Canal built large enough for these monsters to pass through.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## HARVARD AND YALE'S GAMBLING FOOTBALL FIGHT.

In the *Boston Herald*, of November 23, we see that Harvard's undergraduates brought home on the previous Saturday from New Haven about eighty thousand dollars from Yale undergraduates; that Yale students were "so confident of victory that some of them sold their furniture to raise the money with which to bet." Probably outsiders lost twice or three times, and perhaps more, than eighty thousand dollars of somebody's money on these gambling bets.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.

A gentleman who is preparing a book on the immortality of animals writes us for all information we can furnish on that subject. We send him a variety of articles which have appeared in our paper, giving the opinions of distinguished men in its favor. We add to the letter that we do not know whether animals are immortal or not, but are quite certain that the tens of thousands of horses and mules which have been and are being terribly wounded and killed on various battlefields will never, when they leave this world, get into a worse one.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## NOT HYDROPHOBIA.

In a recent issue of one of our Boston daily papers it is stated that a cow acting furiously appeared to have hydrophobia. In the *Boston Globe*, of December 11, appears an almost precisely similar case in which it was found that the only trouble was that the animal was suffering greatly from thirst and recovered at once when supplied with water.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## SHOOTING PIGEONS FROM TRAPS IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

We are delighted to learn from the Buenos Ayres, Argentine, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals that the shooting of live pigeons from traps for sport has been abolished in that country, and it is a pleasure for us to remember that the first battle to abolish that brutal sport was fought at our Massachusetts State House, where, with three prominent lawyers and hundreds of pigeon-shooters against us, we won a complete victory, and so set an example which is likely to be followed in civilized nations all over the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## FROM THE "PACIFIC HEALTH JOURNAL."

No paper comes to our table which so touches a tender chord as does *Our Dumb Animals*.

The very pictures seem to appeal for a more humane humanity. Parents, do you want to instil a true nobility of character into your children and teach them to love and respect the rights of their dumb companions? Nothing will so effectually do this as the monthly visits of *Our Dumb Animals*, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

## THE PLAY OF BLACK BEAUTY.

Our readers will remember that the prize play of "Black Beauty," for which our American Humane Education Society paid a thousand dollars, we sold within one hour after receiving our receipted bill for it to Messrs. Atkinson and Thatcher of Boston, dramatists. We were told by Mr. Atkinson last evening that it was proving already a great success, with a promise of a still greater. By the small audiences it has already reached, it has been welcomed with enthusiasm and before long it will be put before the large audiences of our large cities.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## MAJ.-GENERAL ROBT. E. LEE, OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

On one occasion, in 1864, when General Lee was visiting a battery on the lines below Richmond, the soldiers crowded around him and attracted the fire of the enemy. He said to them quietly, but earnestly: "Men, you had better go into the back yard; they are firing at us here, and you are exposing yourselves to unnecessary danger." The men obeyed the order, but saw their chief walk across the yard, apparently indifferent to his own danger, and stoop down and pick up tenderly an unfledged sparrow that had just fallen from its nest, carefully placing it upon a limb of the tree overhead.

There is a paper published in Boston, Mass., which ought to be in every American home. We refer to *Our Dumb Animals*, edited by the venerable president of the American Humane Education Society, George T. Angell. It teaches kindness to every living creature, and mercy and peace for men. In these days when the militant spirit is so predominant and when there are those who would set every school boy in America to shooting army rifles, there is great need of education that will open their eyes to the folly, cruelty and wickedness of war.—*Mesa County Democrat*, Grand Junction, Colo., Dec. 4, 1908.

## HUMANE SOCIETY WILL GIVE ENTERTAINMENT.

At the opera house Friday evening, December 11, will be given an entertainment for the benefit of the Hood River humane society, in which will participate some of our best local talent. There will be a speaking contest in which six young people will compete for a prize, a silver medal beautifully engraved with the emblems of the national humane society, and bearing the name of Angell, the great humanitarian and friend of all dumb creatures. His name stands for mercy throughout the land, and would alone make the prize well worth the winning.—*Hood River (Oregon) News Letter*, Dec. 2, 1908.

## HYDROPHOBIA.

The following appeared in the *Boston Evening Traveler* of December first:

"Mr. Angell says (in answer to reporter's questions):

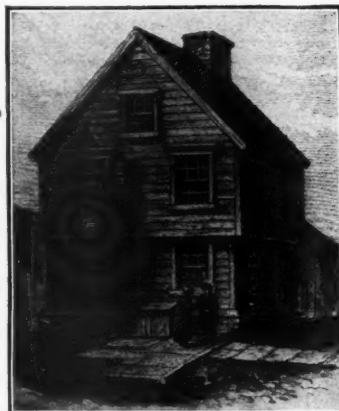
"I have read a vast deal of evidence referring to the existence of hydrophobia. Dr. Charles W. Dulles, lecturer on the history of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, has been repeatedly appointed by the medical society of that State to investigate the subject. For twenty-five years he has been gathering data upon it from every part of the world and has made a practice of corresponding with every physician reported to have a case of hydrophobia. He finds the evidence of its existence so feeble as to make it doubtful as to whether it is anything more serious than a disease of the imagination.

## Never Saw Case.

"The oldest physician in South Boston, Dr. William H. Ruddick, said the other day that he had never seen a case in his life, and that he had never personally known any other physician who had ever seen a case. I have enough similar evidence in my possession to fill your paper.

"Dr. Matthew Woods of Philadelphia has been investigating hydrophobia for twenty years, and he offers to pay \$100 to any person who will bring him an undoubted case. His reward is still unclaimed. The oldest hospital in the country, the Pennsylvania, has had but one supposed case in all its existence, and that was found to have been diagnosed incorrectly.

"It seems surprising that in the great public pounds, where tens of thousands of stray dogs are gathered, none of the attendants have ever had hydrophobia, out of thousands of bite wounds. Following the announcement of



FRANKLIN'S BIRTHPLACE

From "Old Boston in Colonial Days."

L. C. Page & Co., Publishers, Boston.

This house stood on the lot next to the building now occupied by our Humane Societies, 19 Milk Street.

Pasteur's theory of the disease and its cure, I have been told that hydrophobia increased wonderfully in France, but across the German border, where Pasteur was not taken seriously, hydrophobia is practically unknown.

"It seems singular that mad dogs confine their operations to the State of Massachusetts and are rarely heard from in other adjacent States. The dogs must know where the State lines are.

"I decline to say that there is no such thing as hydrophobia. I can only state that I have accumulated a vast deal of evidence bearing on the subject, and do not feel competent to decide a point on which the doctors so widely differ.

"I do know that there is an enormous power in the imagination, which sometimes cures people and, I have no doubt, sometimes kills them."

## OUR TWO GREAT POLITICAL PARTIES WITH THEIR MACHINE POLITICIANS.

We are asked what we think of our two great political parties, and we answer that we are reminded of the old judge's charge to a jury:

"Gentlemen of the jury, if you believe what the plaintiff's counsel has told you, you will find a verdict for the plaintiff, but if on the other hand you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will find for the defendant, but if—like me—you don't believe either of them, the Lord only knows what you will do."

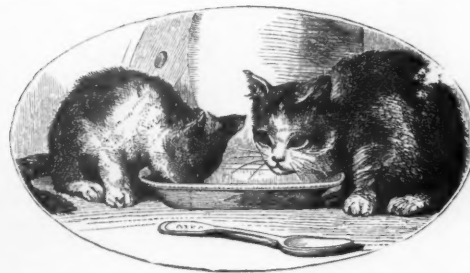
## TO KILL MOSQUITOES.

Some of the cities of Florida are almost entirely dependent on cisterns for water supply, and it has been realized lately that these tanks must furnish a favorable place for the propagation of mosquitoes. One of the suggested means of conducting warfare against the pest consisted of stocking these reservoirs with small fish to feed on the mosquito larvæ. This method has been tried in one place and another in Florida, and has proved successful in every case. The fish eat the larvæ greedily, keeping the water clear of them, and live for years, even in tanks that are covered and their living place one of darkness.—*Boston Post*, Dec. 6, 1908.

## FROM A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

"I heartily endorse your strong and fearless testimony against war and the unselfish work you are doing. With the prayer that at last the right will prevail, I remain, sincerely,"

[We would rather receive such letters than swords or loving cups.]



## AN INTELLIGENT CAT.

Baron Von Gleichen, a German diplomat, used to tell a story of a favorite cat as a proof that the feline race can think and draw practical conclusions. The cat was very fond of looking in mirrors hung against the walls, and would gnaw at the frames, as if longing to know what was inside. She had, however, never seen the backside of a mirror. One day the baron placed a cheval-glass in the middle of the room, and the cat instantly took in the novelty of the situation.

Placing herself in front and seeing a second cat, she began to run round the mirror in search of her companion. After running round one way several times, she began to run the other, until fully satisfied that there was no cat beside herself outside of the glass. But where was the second cat? She sat down in front of the glass to meditate on the problem. Evidently inside, as she had often before imagined. Suddenly a new thought occurred to her. Rising deliberately, she put her paws on the glass in front and then behind, walked round to the other side, and measured the thickness in the same way. Then she sat down again to think. There might be a cavity inside, but it was not large enough to hold a cat. She seemed to come to the deliberate conclusion that there was a mystery here, but no cat, and it wasn't worth while to bother about it. From that time the baron said she lost all curiosity about looking-glasses.

## MR. ANGELL.

(From *Onward*, Toronto, Canada.)

George T. Angell, president and founder of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, was born 85 years ago. He is still the very effective editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, a noble publication mailed regularly to every daily paper in the United States. It is no exaggeration to say that he has accomplished a gigantic work for humanity and civilization. A lawyer, scholar, and man of intellect, he has spoken boldly on thousands of occasions for animals unable to speak for themselves, and been instrumental in a vast deal of legislation for their protection. Indeed his life work has been Christ-like, consecrated to the cause of the helpless and suffering members of the brute creation.

## THE LETHAL CHAMBER.

Sir:—If any one has been very nearly suffocated he will tell you that the lethal chamber process is a frightful death. The feeling is horrible; sometimes the dogs take over five minutes. Poisoning by hydrocyanic acid takes only half a minute—why not use it? Is it the expense or want of knowledge on the part of the destroyer? In regard to the suffocation, I am writing from my own experience. Kindly put this in your *Animal World*, and oblige.—I am, sir, yours, etc., ARTHUR H. JACOBS, M. R. C. V. S.—*Animal World*, London.

## FEED THE BIRDS IN WINTER.

When the snow comes the birds may starve. A small supply of grain or even sweepings of hay mows would relieve their distress. Save your crumbs for them.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize  
every opportunity to say a kind  
word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or  
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

### New Bands of Mercy.

73223 South Weymouth, Mass. Pratt School Bands. Div. 1. P., C. E. A. Starrett.	73259 Jefferson School Bands. Div. 1. P., K. E. McEnroe.	73294 Div. 6. P., A. H. Duval.	73327 Div. 2. P., Miss Marion Parks.	73363 Div. 7. P., G. U. Davis.
73224 Div. 2. P., L. M. Murphy.	73260 Div. 2. P., Harriet Bishop.	73295 Div. 7. P., F. M. Provost.	73328 Div. 3. P., Miss Lena Tinkham.	73364 Div. 8. P., E. F. Caswell.
73225 Div. 3. P., N. M. Holbrook.	73261 Div. 3. P., E. T. McCarthy.	73296 Stowe School Bands. Div. 1. P., A. E. Chase.	73329 Div. 4. P., Miss Maynie Bar- num.	73365 Div. 9. P., M. A. Conrad.
73226 Div. 4. P., Louisa Sponce.	73262 Div. 4. P., F. E. Smith.	73297 Div. 2. P., Grace Hill.	73330 Cincinnati, Ohio. Third Grade, 11th Dist. School Band. P., Joseph Shapiro.	73366 Div. 10. P., M. L. Kimball.
73227 Bates School Bands. Div. 1. P., E. N. Hollis.	73263 North Andover, Mass. Merrimack School Bds. Div. 1. P., Edwin A. Damon.	73298 Div. 3. P., C. J. Burt.	73331 Old Orchard, Me. Kindness Band P., E. J. Manley.	73367 Div. 11. P., E. A. Spring.
73228 Div. 2. P., A. L. McGrory.	73264 Div. 2. P., T. E. Connolly	73299 Div. 4. P., E. B. Coleman.	73332 Landenberg, Pa. The Earnest Band. P., Harold M. Lund.	73368 Div. 12. P., M. J. McGrath.
73229 Div. 3. P., H. L. Rockwood.	73265 Div. 3. P., M. E. Quealy.	73300 Div. 5. P., Miss Wescott.	73333 West Newton, Mass. Angels of the Dumb Bd. P., Mary Gilligan.	73369 Div. 13. P., E. L. Fuller.
73230 Div. 4. P., E. J. Smith.	73266 Div. 4. P., C. L. White.	73301 Div. 6. P., C. A. Dean.	73334 Urbana, Ohio. Golden Rule. P., Robert Peirce.	73370 Div. 14. P., S. A. Champney.
73231 Howe School Bands. Div. 1. P., S. L. Terrell.	73267 Div. 5. P., G. A. Hanlin.	73302 Indian Ridge School Bd. Div. 1. P., J. T. David.	73335 Bryant, Ia. Junior Sunshine Band. P., Annie E. McGraw.	73371 Div. 15. P., ———
73232 Div. 2. P., A. A. Goodnow.	73268 Div. 6. P., E. O. Peterson.	73303 Div. 2. P., K. T. Moynihan.	73336 Rescue, Cal. The Rescue Band. P., Miss Stella Lytton.	73372 Laurel St. and Rollstone St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., G. F. Hubbard
73233 Div. 3. P., E. B. Bates.	73269 Div. 7. P., M. E. Keating.	73304 Div. 3. P., L. S. Carter.	73337 Kansas City, Mo. Horace Mann School Room 9 Band. P., Edith Brumley.	73373 Div. 2. P., A. E. Putnam.
73234 Div. 4. P., G. L. Reed.	73270 Div. 8. P., Frances M. Tredick.	73305 Div. 4. P., E. E. Stone.	73338 Brooklyn, N. Y. The Junior C. E. Band P., Master Wm. Vers- felt.	73374 Div. 3. P., J. F. Hills.
73235 Pond School Band. P., Miss Joanna Connell.	73271 Union School Bands. Div. 1. P., C. N. Wentworth.	73306 Richardson School Bd. Div. 1. P., Helen W. Battles.	73339 The Intermediate C. E. Band. P., Miss Grace Riker	73375 Div. 4. P., Winnifred Murnane.
73236 Hollis School Band. P., Miss Mary L. Gove.	73272 Div. 2. P., Helen G. Keefe.	73307 Div. 2. P., Emma Ward.	73340 San Fernando, Cal. The Fernando Band. P., E. C. Jaeger.	73376 Div. 5. P., J. R. Rice.
73237 North Weymouth, Mass. Athena School Bands. Div. 1. P., F. M. Rich.	73273 Div. 3. P., Clara E. Bryer.	73308 West Center School Bds. Div. 1. P., Emily F. Carlton.	73341 Div. 1. P., I. L. Jackson.	73377 Div. 6. P., M. E. Luscombe.
73238 Div. 2. P., E. S. Minard.	73274 Div. 4. P., H. E. Roache.	73309 Div. 2. P., Ethel F. Smith.	73342 Div. 2. P., Katherine Hannon.	73378 Div. 7. P., N. L. Dacey.
73239 Div. 3. P., Pauline Vernon.	73275 Bradstreet School Bds. Div. 1. P., Mrs. Florence A. Rafferty.	73310 North School Band. P., Miss Brennan.	73343 Div. 3. P., M. C. Flagg.	73379 Div. 8. P., M. A. Connig.
73240 Div. 4. P., B. E. Crowell.	73276 Div. 2. P., M. M. Taylor.	73311 Bailey School Band. P., Julia A. Brine.	73344 Div. 4. P., 4 Divs. Miss M. A. Allen.	73380 Div. 9. P., M. S. H. Wright.
73241 Div. 5. P., R. C. Fogarty.	73277 Div. 3. P., Henrietta Hatch.	73312 Osgood School Band. P., Miss Rea.	73345 Div. 5. P., F. L. Abbott.	73381 Div. 10. P., J. Y. Wright.
73242 Div. 6. P., Pearl Grant.	73278 Div. 4. P., Mary M. Quealy.	73313 Ballardvale, Mass. Bradlee School Bands. Div. 1. P., C. A. Putnam.	73346 Div. 6. P., Miss Clara J. Little.	73382 Goodrich St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., J. T. Palmer.
73243 Div. 7. P., L. M. Chessman.	73279 Center School Bands. Div. 1. P., E. A. Small.	73314 Div. 2. P., I. L. Jackson.	73347 Div. 7. P., 4 Divs. M. M. Slat- tery.	73383 Div. 2. P., M. C. Keough
73244 Adams School Band. P., Cora L. Beard.	73280 Div. 2. P., E. A. Preston.	73315 Div. 3. P., Katherine Hannon.	73348 Div. 8. P., 4 Divs. M. M. Slat- tery.	73384 Div. 3. P., J. A. Goodrich.
73245 East Weymouth, Mass. Lake St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., G. W. Flanders.	73281 Div. 3. P., G. H. Osgood.	73316 Div. 4. P., M. C. Flagg.	73349 Div. 9. P., Miss Annie Lorden.	73385 Div. 4. P., H. J. Sheahan.
73246 Div. 2. P., A. M. Canterbury.	73282 Franklin School Band. P., Fannie I. Goodhue.	73317 Div. 5. P., F. L. Abbott.	73350 Div. 10. P., 4 Divs. M. A. Cole.	73386 Div. 5. P., K. A. Gallagher.
73247 Div. 3. P., A. L. Cronin.	73283 Farnham School Band. P., Miss Frances T. Wilson.	73318 Omaha, Neb. Social Settlement House Band. P., Ernest Kochler.	73351 Div. 11. P., 4 Divs. M. A. Cole.	73387 Div. 6. P., H. E. Woodbury.
73248 Div. 4. P., G. L. Moran.	73284 Kimball School Band. P., Miss Addie Carter.	73319 Enfield, N. H. Potato Hill Sch. Band. P., Miss Annie Lorden.	73352 Div. 12. P., 4 Divs. M. A. Cole.	73388 Div. 7. P., M. J. Richardson.
73249 Div. 5. P., M. A. Adams.	73285 Evenwood, W. Va. Evenwood Band. P., W. Glen Coates.	73320 Mont Calm, N. H. Mont Calm Sch. Band. P., Miss Clara J. Little.	73353 Div. 13. P., 4 Divs. M. A. Cole.	73389 Day St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., Edith Houghton.
73250 Div. 6. P., A. A. Fraher.	73286 Burlington, Ia. Willing Hands Band. P., Roy Anderson.	73321 Lebanon, N. H. Methodist Hill Sch. Bd. P., Miss Annie Mullaly.	73354 Div. 14. P., 4 Divs. M. A. Cole.	73390 Div. 2. P., Ruby Viets.
73251 Div. 7. P., A. F. Conroy.	73287 Cannon Falls, Minn. Cannon Falls Band. P., Miss Ida J. Anderson	73322 Enfield, N. H. Shaker School Band. P., Miss Fannie C. Fal- lon.	73355 Div. 15. P., 4 Divs. M. A. Cole.	73391 Div. 3. P., O. D. Ward.
73252 Div. 8. P., J. McP. Smith.	73288 Terre Haute, Ind. Henry Bergh Band. P., Harlew Wilson.	73323 Enfield Band. P., Mrs. M. E. Hender- son.	73356 Div. 16. P., 4 Divs. M. A. Cole.	73392 Div. 4. P., Hattie Hinkley.
73253 Washington School Bds. Div. 1. P., N. A. Grout.	73289 Andover, Mass. John Dore School Bands Div. 1. P., A. M. Downes.	73324 Enfield Centre, N. H. Enfield Centre Sch. Bd. P., Mrs. Alice F. Morse	73357 Pleasant St. and Acad- emy School Bands. Div. 1. P., A. E. Ward.	73393 Div. 5. P., M. Viets.
73254 Div. 2. P., M. J. Hawes.	73290 Div. 2. P., Elizabeth Ferguson.	73325 West Canaan, N. H. Lockhaven School Bd. P., Miss Mildred Hardy.	73358 Div. 2. P., G. B. Phillips.	73394 Div. 6. P., B. F. Towns.
73255 Div. 3. P., A. J. McGreevy.	73291 Div. 3. P., A. S. Coutts.	73326 Enfield, N. H. Enfield School Bands. Div. 1. P., C. E. Richardson.	73359 Div. 3. P., H. M. Delahanty.	73395 School St. School Bds. Div. 1. P., E. F. Willard.
73256 Div. 4. P., Susie Tracy.	73292 Div. 4. P., Myra Stronack		73360 Div. 4. P., S. F. Derby.	73396 Div. 2. P., E. F. Howard.
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73258 Div. 6. P., L. G. Hyland.			73362 Div. 6. P., Florence Day.	73398 Div. 4. P., M. A. Dunn.
				73399 Lunenburg St. School Bands. Div. 1. P., K. A. McGrath.
				73400 Div. 2. P., M. T. Kivlon.



## THERE IS IN THE LOUVRE, AT PARIS.

There is in the Louvre a charming little picture, by Giotto, of St. Francis preaching to the birds. The saint's face with an earnest, loving expression, is looking up at the birds that, with outstretched necks and half-open beaks, appear to catch his words. The old legend which this painting illustrates with all the artist's vividness in presenting a story, is equally charming in its simplicity. It is as follows: As St. Francis was going toward Bivagno, he lifted up his eyes and saw a multitude of birds. He said to his companions: "Wait for me here while I preach to my little sisters, the birds." The birds all gathered around him, and he spoke to them somewhat as follows: "My little sisters, the birds, you owe much to God, your Creator, and ought to sing his praise at all times and in all places, because he has given you liberty, and the air to fly about in, and, though you neither spin nor sew, he has given you a covering for yourself and your little ones. He feeds you though you neither sow nor reap. He has given you fountains and rivers in which to quench your thirst, and trees in which to build your nests. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise the Lord."

As he preached, the birds opened their beaks, and stretched out their necks, and flapped their wings, and bowed their heads toward the earth.

His sermon over, St. Francis made the sign of the cross, and the birds flew up into the air, singing sweetly their song of praise, and dispersed toward the four quarters of the world, as if to convey the words they had heard to all the world.

(A young friend from Waterford, Conn., sends us the following:)

## CAN HUNTERS HAVE HEARTS?

My uncle, while driving to the city recently on a business trip, saw a pigeon in the road. As he approached he noticed that the pigeon did not attempt to fly or try to get out of the way. When his horse was within a few feet of it, he stopped and got out of the carriage and picked the bird up. He found it had been hit with a shot just under the eye. This shot had destroyed the sight in both eyes. As he could not return then, he put the pigeon, which appeared to be all right in every other way excepting that it was blind, near the wall and intended to get it when he came back from the city. He did not return until late and it was dark, so came home without the pigeon.

Next day he took my sister and myself and drove about a mile to the place where he had left the blind pigeon, only to find him quite a way further, and pecking at the ground trying to find something to eat as he walked. I picked him up and carried him home. On close examination uncle discovered that besides the shot that had destroyed the bird's eyesight he had been struck by another in the back of the neck.

We are now feeding the bird and hope he will recover and may still have sight in one eye.

FLORENCE A. MERRIAM.

## THE BIRDS

**Worked Hard All Summer to Feed You!  
It is up to You Now to  
Feed the Birds This Winter.**

Tie lumps of suet upon the trees beyond the reach of cats, for the insect-eating chickadees, woodpecker, nuthatch, etc.

Save the crumbs from the table, old seed, meat and any other little dainties which you can spare. Your winged benefactors will dispel that melancholy feeling associated with the winter months by their cheery notes of thanks for the good things you have given them.

It is essential to have warm water handy for thirsty birds.



CHRIST OF THE ANDES.



FEED THE BIRDS.

From *Animal Lovers' Calendar*, London.

## THE BIRDS IN CHURCH.

God's happy children of the air  
On leafy boughs are swaying,  
While beings fair with forms divine  
Are in the churches praying.

Cathedral grand with vaulted skies  
The songs of birds are filling;  
The wide extended plains of heaven  
Are with their rapture thrilling.

They chant the anthems of their God  
And worship him with singing;  
Who listens to their songs may hear  
The chimes of heaven a- ringing.

In divers notes of sweetest tone  
Their lays to us come stealing;  
They seem to draw us to the skies,  
While in our pews we're kneeling.

We bow before the Lord in prayer,  
Our love to Him expressing;  
The prayer is said; we rise, and lo,  
We see a sight distressing.

From bough to bough, from tree to tree,  
The birds, no longer fitting,  
All bruised and crushed and cold and dead,  
On ladies' hats are sitting.

Their songs without now never heard,  
The minstrels dead or dying;  
Within the sinners, vain with pride,  
Their God to praise are trying

They sing aloud their hymns of praise,  
And think that God is hearing,  
While on their shapeless hats in truth  
A thousand birds they're wearing.

And now no chirping music wild  
On airy wings is swelling;  
The voiceless birds to church have gone  
To find an alien dwelling.

Methinks could all these lifeless birds  
Our hearts with song be filling,  
A plaintive voice to us would say,  
"Why don't you stop this killing?"

An answer bold in haste is made,  
"What cares a bird for living?"  
Just this, dear friend, to live the life  
That God to it is giving.

No tearful voice, no whispered song,  
Can end without His knowing;  
Spare, then, the birds whose songs do set  
The world to music going.  
E. S. DREHER.

## MY SONGBIRD.

A fair little bird went singing away  
Far over the bright blue sea,  
And the spice-laden breezes blew that day  
The sweetest that sweet can be.  
The song remained, though my sight was dim  
To follow his flight afar,  
Yet I close my eyes and a vision of him  
Comes like a falling star.  
The bird, and the song, and my heart, are one,  
Forever and a day;  
When the shadows fall, and the day is done,  
The Song—it remains away.

There's a flutter of wings, and my heart's quick beat  
Gives answer of mate to mate,  
'Till the song, and the echo oft repeat  
The message with joy elate.  
'Tis a simple song, only Love, and no more,  
Yet 'tis swelling through boundless space;  
It fills all the land from shore to shore,  
And clothes all with beauty and grace.  
Far back in the silence I sink to rest,  
Letting go of all meaner things;  
While the song of the bird and the down on his breast  
Bring a joy to be envied by Kings.  
You may spread your wings as you will, little bird,  
And fly far over the sea,  
When my heart—repeating the song—you have heard,  
You will always come back to me.

J. D. BUCK, in *The Metaphysical Magazine*,  
December, 1908.

## HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS.

Hundreds of thousands of children can never be taught *directly* in our schools to love either their fathers or mothers, but they can be taught to be constantly saying kind words and doing kind acts to the lower creatures, and in this way may be made better, kinder, and more merciful in all the relations of life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for November, 1908.  
Fines and witness fees, \$106.60.

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Clarence W. Jones, \$35; Mrs. Homer Earle Sargent, \$33; Sherman Williams, \$25; John Fogg Twombly, \$25; Mrs. Charles I. Travelli, \$25; Walter Hunnewell, \$20; Frank L. Poland, \$0.45.

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